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check the flood of European immigration which threatens our Democracy,—should stop these French, Spanish and Italians whose national habits she so faithfully upholds.

Garbage cans will no doubt continue to be of use in this country and will not materially affect cultural opportunities, all criticism to the contrary notwithstanding.

ALLEN WEST SHAW.

Riverside, Conn.

JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

(Died April 13, 1922)

SIR:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will, I believe, have increasing pride in having published poems by Joseph Andrew Galahad, especially *The Knife* in the issue for May, 1920, which brought the author a cordial letter from John Masefield. Joe Galahad won many devoted friends in his short literary career; indeed it was impossible for anyone to come into his radius without feeling the peculiar elevation and fervor of his spirit. I have noted how the mere mention of his name changed the entire atmosphere of a group of people. All who have come into more intimate touch with him are proud to have been called his friends, as an Elizabethan might have been proud of his acquaintance with Sidney.

I have been of those who thought that poetry should be judged solely in itself, apart from the circumstances of its creation or the character of the poet. Now I am not so sure. Certainly the knowledge of Joe's life has given his work a far deeper meaning to me than it could have had otherwise. To know that a young man on his death-bed in almost continuous pain for three years could affirm his love of life, his belief in friendship, and his trust in the divine dispensation, with such glowing imagination, has been a different experience from reading a poem in the *Oxford Book*. And yet even before I knew anything of his suffering I inferred the intensity and nobility of Joe Galahad's nature in a poem, not of his best, which came to me in the ordinary routine of editing *Contemporary Verse*. For the man wrote as he lived, out of the special conviction of his soul.

Let us finally turn to the concluding lines of *Argosy*, where the spirit escapes from its fleshly prison of pain:

So I leaned and opened the window—
And left my body there:
The poor old tattered clay house,
With the cotton wool in its hair.
No more the four walls hold me,
And compass me about:
The sea gulls hear
And answer
The psalm of joy
That is my shout.

I have built me a sturdy galleon—
 I have chartered the seven seas—
 And the rims of other planets
 When I tire of the earth and these.
 I refuse the rôle of Atlas—
 Whatever winds may fail,
 Aeriphus waits
 By the outer Gates—
I sail!
I sail!

Do not we, too, sail with him in this triumphant voyage of the spirit? Can we who knew him, even those who only read his story and his poetry sympathetically, ever relapse again into quite the lethargic "What's the use?" attitude of old, when we think of his buoyant courage, his virile acceptance of the worst that fate could do to him?

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Logan, Philadelphia.

GOOD THINGS APPRECIATED

SIR:

The May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW appeals to my mind as educational, instructive and interesting in the varied fields of the world, evidencing that the articles conform to the title of the magazine.

I am not familiar with Lindsay Blayney's pen, but his article on Americanism is worth more to readers who have searching minds than the cost of the magazine itself. The foreign element of labor unions will not benefit, for they will not read it; but all who read the article will say "Amen" to it—Mr. Gompers himself, I believe, would.

Admiral Pratt is one of many strong intellects in the Navy, and his review of the armament limitation is analytical and clear to all readers.

Dr. Sweeney's article on Immigration recalls to me my association with Theodore Roosevelt in the late 'eighties, and the interest which he took in the law which was to exclude the criminal and those without visible means of support. He complained that the law was violated, and urged amendments that would shut out those who would be a burden or a menace to the country.

The article on *France in the Dock* is not only interesting but illuminating.

It is needless for me to attempt to praise the *Affairs of the World* by Willis Fletcher Johnson—a master hand.

H. E. RHOADES,
 (Lieut.-Com'd'r, U.S.N.)

Mirror Lake, New Hampshire.